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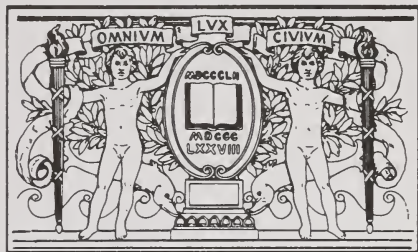


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MADELEINE

A POEM IN FRAGMENTS

BY

DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER

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NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press

1888

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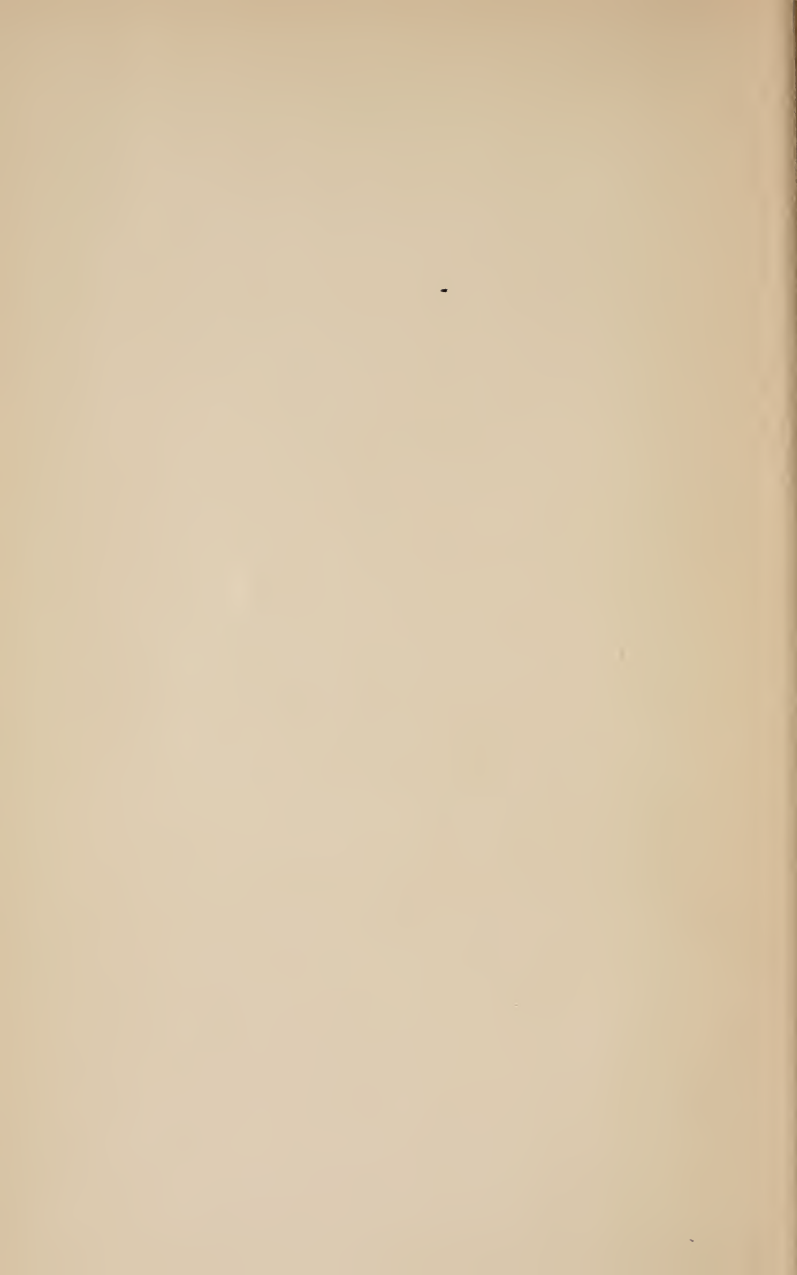
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MADELEINE.



THE GATHERING OF THE SHADOWS.

I.

PRELUDE.

*Bright spots there are in every heart,
Dear memories of the past,
Sweet music from the bygone days
That were not born to last.*

*I dreamed last night of happier days
Than I have lately known,
When from my heart I thought your love
Responded to my own.*

*And in my sleep I hummed these lines,
Which ere the autumn died
Had been my constant oriflamme,
The banner of my pride.*

II.

SONG.

Softly the evening shadows
Kiss the trailing robes of day,
And clustering 'round the roses
At my feet they seem to say,
As the meadows lose their being,
And the lengthened shadows wane :
“ Have you done your every duty
Pour l'amour de Madeleine ?

“ Are you nobler, stronger, better,
Than you were when early dawn
Blazoned all the sky with splendor
At the advent of the morn ?
Have you sought with manly courage
Some far distant height to gain ?
Are your aspirations higher
Pour l'amour de Madeleine ?”

III.

DREAM FANCIES.

Dreaming, dreaming, and in my dreams,
Again I walked by my darling's side,
And never methought was the sky so fair,
And never had one such cause for pride.

Dreaming, dreaming, and through my dreams,
The flowers you loved in days of yore
Were strewn in beauty about my path,
And I was a happy boy once more.

IV.

MUSING.

I can but love thee, O my Love !
Although full dark thy answer be,
For surely none can ever know
How very dear thou art to me.
That fire is lit within my breast
Which e'er shall burn a constant flame
To render thee sweet sacrifice,
And shed soft lustre on the name,
That in my life shall ever stand
To guide me to the better land.

V.

INTERLUDE.

*When o'er the yellow screen of autumn leaves
Old Winter spreads his dreary waste of snow,
And panoplied within their crystal vaults
The laughing streamlets cease their merry flow,
One can but wonder at the gray outlines
That stretch away to where a leaden sky
Clasps the cold earth within its grim embrace,
And the great mountains lift their crowns on high.
God help the heart where Winter's icy bands
Have chilled the flowers with remorseless hands,
And changed a garden into whitening sands,
That stretch away thro' countless tracts that press
Each upon each in ever mute distress,
To form a lasting wilderness !*

VI.

DESPAIR.

How strange and sad ;
How strange and sad
The dark world seems !
A mighty cloud
Has settled from its native sky,
And gathered 'round me like a shroud,
The air is close, I cannot breathe,
Nor know I where to gain relief.
Is there no hope from heaven above ?
Is there no balm to cure love's grief ?

VII.

PRA YER.

Night in the heart !
O Saviour, thou whose blessed feet
Have trod the thorny side of Calvary,
With thine own loving art
Scatter the storm clouds by thy presence sweet,
And bid the darkness fly !
So dark a band
Of terror has enclosed the sky,
I almost doubt that thou canst hear my cry,
Else wouldst thou come,
Thou crownéd One.

VIII.

HOPE.

Was it God's breath that eased the dull hard pain ?

O Friend, if so, 't was through thy gentle art ;
For nobly didst thou meet the task assigned,
Heeding the promptings of thy tender heart.

A few stars glimmered in the purple sky,
And stealing through the vista's golden slope,
Again there shone into my thrilling breast
The loving influence of a great sweet hope.

For in the church, whose doors had opened wide
To greet the few who came to join in praise
For harvests granted in a golden tide,

Came a sweet presence passing thro' the maze
Of kneeling people, and about her neck,

God grant it were not coquetry, there lay,
In softly moulded folds, a scarf of silk

That I had pressed on her one gray
Midwinter day, while yet as sterling friends

We walked together much, and prattled fast,
As all good neighbors will, about such things
As with their color glorify the past.

IX.

JOY.

Only a silken scarf
Over your shoulders thrown,
Yet it brought a stronger flush of joy
Than as yet I had ever known.
Then happy, O so happy !
I wrote this simple lay,
A heartfelt tribute from within
To the glad Thanksgiving Day.

X.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving morning, o'er the fields
Is thrown a robe of dazzling white,
The only token of the storm
That raged in fury thro' the night.
Across the arch of trembling blue
The far horizon builds a bar,
Beyond which, showing just its tip,
The great Sun glimmers like a star.
A flush of light the zenith reached,
And on the earth the reflex lay,
As if the very heavens joined
In wishing all a merry day.
Each tree fantastically drest,
Displays a spotless ermine vest.
Along the limbs the sunbeams chase
And fret the boughs with mimic lace.
They kissed the twiglets when they passed,
And on the snow their shadow cast.
Within the homestead brighter rays
Have filled each heart with loving praise.
What matter if in days now sped
Dark clouds have overcast the soul?
The eastern sky, all blushing red,
In God's dear peace has made us whole.

Not for a year has such a stir
Shook the old house from rafter down
To where within the oven's depth
The turkey huge is turning brown.
A sound of hammers in the barn !
The nuts are giving up their wealth,
While happy echoes o'er the fields
Go ringing thro' the Commonwealth,
And with their chimes,
Within the breast,
Like echoes from the roaring sea,
The story of Thanksgiving Day
Comes in a vision close to me.

Where now great warerooms, block on block
In stolid columns ever rise
To threaten with their marble walls
The azure of the smiling skies,
Once stretched cold wastes of forest trees,
Which bending with the eastern breeze
Offered a music fair and sweet
Where now the busy, driving street
Murmurs throughout with busy hum,
Telling of commerce and of lands
That lie beyond the golden lines
Traced by the offing's mystic bands.

And here it was our fathers formed
A federation strong and true,

And bound with chains of linkéd steel
The sturdy old world to the new ;
And here their pious hymns they sang,
And here their heavy axes rang
While building a foundation bold
More precious than the virgin gold.
We see them now, in sombre dress,
About their log-built chapel press ;
We join them as they kneeling pray,
And found a first Thanksgiving Day.

Out with a sentimental age
That looks from off the silvered page,
The rarest in our nation's life,
When put aside all bitter strife
And great with wonderful designs.
Our pilgrim fathers writ those lines
That formed the proclamation grand
Which still shall tremble thro' the land
From year to year, while clothed in power
It meets the issues of the hour.
Thank God for one day all our own,
New England's dearest heritage,
Though storms may beat and waters swell,
And all the darkest passions rage,
It still will be the one dear link
That makes our union grandly strong,
And gives to ages yet unborn
The matter for a triumph song.

'TWIXT DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

I.

PARTED.

Far, far away from home
Has gone the heart of my heart,
My life is all with her,
Although we are miles apart.
I look at the twinkling stars
In the arching heaven above
And whisper along their beams
The whole of my great true love.
And I pray that an influence soft
From the same bright stars may shine
Till it touches her tender soul,
As the shafts of light incline ;
And may bind us each to each
By a chain of heaven's own gold
As pure and strong as the bonds of love
That the poets have sung of old.
She has left me a solace fair
For these days of sorrow and pain,
Which shall give me sweet relief
Till she shall have come again.

II.

A SOLACE.

I have the picture of her face,
 So kind and true, so sweet and grand,
It almost seems an angel sent
 From the portals bright of holy land.
And yet about her mouth there dwells
 A something in the shaded line
Which argues with coquettish grace
 That she is human, if divine.
Within her eyes all sweetness dwells,
 Above her brow, in tresses fair,
A diadem of priceless worth
 Is pictured in her bonny hair ;
No grace is wanting to complete
A finished portrait fair and sweet.
This is my lady ! With my lance,
 Beneath cloud-built battlements
I 'll lay full many a warrior low,
 Till by each lordly knight's consent
On golden throne my lady leans
 The princess of earth's tournament.

III.

NEW YEAR'S FLOWERS.

I would, my Friend,
That I might send my love
Thrilling thro' every chime
That cuts the frosty air
Until it reached thy ear
And crept into thy heart,
There to be nourished by
My tender care.

Accept these sprays
Of Heartease which I send
To one who is the queen
Of buds ; they are less fair
Than thou, yet will they prate
My secrets openly
If thou shouldst seek to know
The love they bear.

IV.

PANSIES.

'T is a brilliant little flower,
With colors choice and rare ;
There are no other blossoms
So delicately fair.
All have their pretty meanings,
But this in itself 's a plea
That goes to the heart of a maiden,
For it is, "Remember me."

The rose may blush in beauty
From its home in a mossy bed,
The violet look its sweetest,
And the lily droop its head ;
But spurning all their dainties
Away from their midst I flee
To a cluster of tender pansies,
That whisper, "Remember me."

And if in the garden they tremble
With an undulation of love,
While wet with the dew of morning
That was shed by the skies above,
How much more sweet is the rhythm
If it carries a lover's plea,
When it whispers : "Although we 're parted,
O maiden, remember me !"

V.

VERSES.

Long miles apart !
Yet, O my Darling ! all my heart
Is with you 'mid the distant hills.
Thou art my dream, my Love,
And in thy eyes God's heaven above
Reflected lies, as in the rills
A great star sleeps at eventide.
Ah ! were I, Dearest, by thy side
With many a lover's fond caress
I 'd show thee in thy gentleness
How all my life is hid with thee.
Thou art my lady and my hope,
Thy love is my ambition's scope.
Like moonlight on a placid sea,
Like music's sweet harmonious roll,
Thy friendship has entranced my soul ;
And in response, through verses long,
I make thee ideal of my song,
And 'mid the web of golden days
Weave the dear jewels of thy praise.
God grant that in the future bright
My life, Dear, purified by thine,
Thro' every stanza, every line,
Within the dear Redeemer's sight
May tremble with eternal light,
A sweeter poem than I could write !

THE CLOUDS DISPERSED.

I.

A LETTER.

My friend—when the fulness of spring
 Strews flowerets over the hills,
I start for the East, taking wing
 With the birds. The very thought thrills
My being with ecstatic joy,
And if nothing comes to destroy
My plans, which are carefully laid,
 The knight who has often borne lance
For a most reprehensible maid
 Shall come to meet her in advance
Of all others, and be her escort
To the sea and its favorite port.

II.

A QUERY.

Scented message from warmer skies,
Surely some deeper meaning shines
Through your clauses, and hidden lies
Between the lines.

*Is it a promise of prospects fair,
Stretching away to the farthest rim
Of life's horizon and regions where
The eyes grow dim?*

Be what it may, the growing spring
Shall solve the riddle that waits with me
For flowers to bloom and birds to sing
Their jubilee.

III

TOWARD THE TRYSTING PLACE.

Clouds, all tinged with the setting sun,
Smile in the distant west,—
Graceful heavenly harbingers,
With God's own love imprest ;
And I am hurrying onward,
Crossing the sounding rail,
Following over the mountain
The sunset's golden trail.

Softly the shadows gather,
But where my pilot has gone
There shines a star in beauty
Awaiting the morrow's dawn,
While off in a mystic ocean,
Dipping behind the trees,
A silvery bark keeps breasting
The waves of airy seas.

Ev'ry mile of the way
Flashes, in wondrous grace,
Memories, sweet and fair,
Of a dear little face ;

And some one will come with the growing light,
When the sunbeams making the hill-tops bright
 With a dazzling, glancing sheen,
A fuller harvest than e'er before
Of the lights and shadows held in store
 From the waving fields shall glean.

IV.

WAITING.

Meadow and mountain softly lined
 By the waters bright of a purling stream,
Beautiful in their arching curves
 As the passing view of a shifting dream,
Surround the little New England town
 Where I am to meet my friend ;
 Beyond the river's sparkling bend,
Where the jutting banks are shadowed brown,
She is hastening toward the place.
Dear spot, you must ever live in the heart ;
For while the weeks have kept us apart,
You will bring us together again.

V.

AT LAST.

There 's a babel and noise of passing trains,
And gathering teams that closely press
Through all the neighboring country lanes,
But heard above all, the swift express
Comes thundering over the groaning rails,
And panting away in some great distress
Draws up with a last despairing wail
As if all the world were shadowed with gloom,
In spite of a beautiful smiling face
That prettily pouting seems to presume
That somebody in this singular place
Of railroad traffic is specially there
To carry her home to the city where
Others and dearer await her embrace.

VI.

THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

Violets mantle the meadows green
As we flash by ;
Sunbeams dart through the window screen
And softly lie
Tangled among her tresses brown
Like a golden crown.

Why should lips tell the truth that rests
Like rarest prize
Within her bosom and thence invests
Her laughing eyes ?
*'T is the same truth that the letter told,
Grown yet more bold.*

VII.

EXULTATION.

Ah, how bright are the stars
Far in the heavenly sea !
Surely they tremble with love ;
Are they rejoicing with me ?
Do they know of the joy
Singing within my breast ?
Know they aught of the earth
Away in each golden nest ?
Yes ! for on vapor barks
My messages, day by day,
Were ferried through purple clouds
When my love was far away.
But now she is home once more
And all is happy and fair ;
Never was nature brighter,
And never was purer air ;
Even the great sweet moon,
Thro' a shimmering cloud of lace,
Looks down from heaven above
With an air of tender grace ;
And the soft beams enter my heart,
Nor will I drive them away,
For the queen of queenly women
Has brought me her love to-day.

VIII.

THE KNIGHT.

Clad in his iron coat of mail,
I think of him as beautiful and brave ;
In battle's crash, high towering,
Resplendent in his might as crested wave.

Gentle and true as powerful,
Of manly grace and noble courtesy ;
A cavalier of lofty mind and thought,
Of virtue rare and signal purity.

Such would thy knight be, Madeleine ;
Down at thy feet I bow my pointed lance.
Gird it with flowers thou ! I know
'T will ever after shine in the advance.
Where dark-plumed knights all gloriously strive
In war's dark heat to gain illustrious name,
There shall my arms o'erthrow all meaner men,
And gather garlands for my love's pure fame.

IX.

POSTLUDE.

*Domes, minarets, and towers
Fringed with gold,
Of silver hue touched with a rosy flush,
Lining the bounds where earth and heaven meet
In purple light.
Ah, for celestial brush
With which to paint the colors bright
That tinge the eastern sky!*

THE COMING OF THE BRIDE AND
OTHER VERSES.



THE COMING OF THE BRIDE AND OTHER VERSES.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDE.

The first soft breath of morn
Laughs sweetly thro' the nodding trees,
And here and there
The flowers fair
Lift up their heads to kiss the breeze,
Op'ning their tiny petals wide
To dress themselves for the coming bride.

The fleeting hours,
Borne upon downy wings,
Steal swiftly by ;
While far on high,
In leafy bowers,
The robin sweetly sings
A story that shall never grow old
Of one who will come with hair of gold
When the sun god sinks in the sky.

The zephyrs among the branches above,
Are gently whispering sonnets of love

Which ever grow more and more,
Telling in catches of sheer delight
Of a future grandly fair and bright,
And of happy days in store.
A rattle of wheels in the distance !
Ah ! she is coming now ;
List ! how the birds are singing,
See how the elm trees bow.

Swing wide the gate where the driveway
Enters the travelled street ;
Hail her with showered blossoms,
Sweets to the sweet !

SUNRISE.

When the morning shades are lifting,
Comes a golden glory sifting
Through the clouds, and onward drifting,
Till beneath angelic brushes
All the eastern landscape flushes
With the sunbeams rifting-shifting.

List ! while every hill-top blazes
With the silvered light that grazes
All their summits, nature raises
From her forest-dwelling choirs,
From her breeze-swept mountain lyres,
Hymns that overflow with praises.

A ROUNDHEAD'S VALENTINE.

1642.

"Fair mayde, pluck herte, alle is not loste."

A parchment fragment roughly bound
With silken thread upon a page
Which saw the bright, prophetic age
Of Elzevir, like sun-browned leaves
That winds have tossed,
Seems even yet to voice the sound
Of ancient oracles, and weaves
A strand of music through my tale.

"Fair mayde, pluck herte, alle is not loste."

These words are traced in rambling line
Upon the sheet, and just accrost
Their rude proportions, like a veil,
Some hand hath writ in letters fine,
"Then am I, sweete, thy Valentine."

"Pluck herte, fair mayde, alle is not loste."

The writer wore a bell-crowned hat
Of puritanic style and hue,
Beneath which twinkled, soft and blue,
Eyes that no lady could despise,
And which thus cost

Full many a heart-ache. Tall and brave,
Though decked in strict old-fashioned guise,
One February long ago,
This Roundhead crept into a camp
Of Rupert's cavaliers, and gave
Such message to the lady who
Long since had won his heart, although
Her father had struck many a blow
For Charles, as he for Cromwell and
The Parliament. Beside her lamp
She read the note within her hand—
"Fair mayde, pluck herte, alle is not loste."
Then caught her pen and just accrost
The message wrote in letters fine,
"Then am I, sweete, thy Valentine."

The hasty escalade and flight !
The hot pursuit !! the fierce affray !!!
What matter they, since when at last
The gentle maiden bound full fast
This yellow leaflet we survey
Into her Bible as a shrine,
Her eyes proclaimed the message trite :
"Pluck herte, fair mayde, alle is not loste,"
And sealed the answer writ accrost
The earlier note in letters fine,
"Then am I, sweete, thy Valentine."

SONNET.

With wondering eyes that toward the future bend
Their trustful glances, comes the sweet new year ;
While in his train triumphant, far and near,
Bright rays of promise with the doubts contend,
And pelting buds of hope that far transcend
Our choicest dream, drive off the imps of fear.
Beneath its crystal prison, loud and clear,
The brooklet's purling symphonies ascend
In choicer music ; while the distant heights,
Lifting their heads above the clouded veil
That hid their glory, greet the glancing lights
Which dress their summits in a silver mail,
And sing with nature, as each peak unites
In one sweet anthem, softly breathing " Hail ! "

THOUGHTS.

White clouds in the summer sky,
Floating through the arching blue,
Glorify and beautify
All the far encircling view
That the vision may descry.

Sweet thoughts passing through the brain
Add to life as pure a tint
As the sunbeams' sparkling train
With their silvered dies imprint
On the yellowed fields of grain.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ARROW.

Mounted upon a foam-flecked steed,
Swift as an arrow in his flight,
A courier came with the early light,
Galloping over the grassy mead.

* * * * *

Lying alone
Apart from the rest,
An arrow piercing his gallant breast,
And a fond, sweet smile on his face,
They have found a soldier, tall and fair,
With great blue eyes and wavy hair,
And a form of wondrous grace.

* * * * *

A missive come
From the far-off land,
Which is bound by the sunset's golden band.
A letter, ah ! priceless joy ;
It must be wrapt in symbols of love,
Sentiments grasped from the skies above,
From a maiden's soldier boy.

Never a sound
Was heard in the room ;
The latest figure is wove in the loom—
And a tender spirit wings its flight
Thro the clouds of this earthly sphere,
To rejoin the one that it loved so dear
At the gates of the morning light.

NASTURTIIUMS.

Barred in their flight
Athwart the gay nasturtium beds,
Pencils of light,
Kissing the nodding scarlet heads,
Have traced the leaves with silver threads.

A thousand helms,
Like trophies raised on Grecian fields,
Bespeak the realms
Where, 'neath the close-locked sunny shields,
An elfin queen her sceptre wields.

CLOTHO.

Crowned with the seven stars,
In gloom I sit and spin the web of life ;
Unmindful of men's strife,
And heedless of the deities whose cars
Flash all about me in my solitude.
To me men owe their pains,
Ecstatic joy, and all their golden gains,
For were it but my mood
To spurn the distaff with the silver thread
Of their existence, Death itself would brood
O'er all the rounded world,
And through its orbit whirled
At lightning speed the dumb old earth would pass,
A dark and lifeless mass.

Though mortals mark each age
By varied features, to my deathless eyes
Each epoch 's but the gage
Of coming periods that shall arise.
What though great portents sweep the evening sky,
I know no cause for fear !
What though destruction blast each silver sphere,
Time knows I cannot die ;
And therefore bows to me his grisly head !

Thus throned I wait in my thrice solemn guise
Till through the realms of Chaos, dark and dread,
'Mid tumbling globes of light
God's fiat wings its flight,
That I be stripped of all my royal state,
And *fate* o'erpowers Fate.

ARBUTUS.

Touched with the flush that the silvery dawn
Throws like a delicate, shimmering veil
Over the reaches of forest and glade,
Whispering brook and laughing cascade,
It lies where the mountains gently withdrawn
Disclose at their base some blossoming dale.

DRIFTING.

A floweret floated down the stream ;
Its tender mission in life was missed ;
The zephyrs played with its petals fair,
And the dancing waves its calyx kissed.
It might have lain on a maiden's breast ;
The poor man's cottage it might have blest ;
Ah me ! its mission in life was missed.

DAISIES.

Daisies are poems that God hath graved
Upon the surface of his fields
With sunshine bathed
A million shields
Wrought of pure gold, with silvered edge,
They raise to greet the light, a pledge
Of the sweet bond 'twixt earth and sky ;
For ne'er were such caresses prest
By lover bold on upturned face,
As when the swift sun couriers spy
These gentle blossoms, and arrest
Their course, to wrap in sweet embrace
The daughters of an earthly race.

THE REVEALING TOUCH.

A shaft of light
Winging its flight
Through airy realms that stretch above,
 Glances athwart the white-robed fields,
And happy in its kiss of love
 A wealth of gems each meadow yields.
The landscape bathed in smiling change
Flashes along the vision's range,
 And myriad diamonds flame and glow
Discovered by the shining tide
Of sunbeams that on every side
 Frolic amid the crystal snow.

A kindly deed
In time of need
Touching the cold and cheerless heart,
 A magic palace may lay bare
Where stored by the Creator's art
 A wondrous treasure, rich and rare,
Lieth unheeded and unknown
Till mercy lift the portal-stone.
 Then smile reflection's beams at length ;
From the old self a man is born
As splendid as the growing morn,
 Endowed with a God-given strength

MT. GREYLOCK.

Rising majestic to the view,
Type of eternal might,
Kissed by the breath of the morning dew,
And bathed in the tints of the arching blue,
With the glowing peaks for a retinue,
It hails the morning light.

Down from the rough embattled crest
A hundred streamlets glide,
Coursing the vales of its rugged breast,
Always trilling, never at rest,
Hurrying on in a hopeless quest,
Scarring the mountain side.

Ever grand, 'mid color and shade,
Bond of poetry and prose,
Laced by brook and silver cascade,
It looks away over meadow and glade,
Noting the change that ages have made,
Mighty in its repose.

THALES.

O mighty Seer !

Who first of mortals in the ancient days
Of halting habit, dared to peer

Into philosophy and trace its ways
Unknown, thy new-born world of thought
Was dearly bought.

For with the prize

There came a loathing of all common things
That once, reflected in the eyes,

Warmed thy great soul and bore it up on wings
Of faith to heights Olympic, where
Love mocks at care.

True ! Thou didst look

With thy awakening, into realms as vast
As chaos : but thy soul mistook

The glooming shadows o'er its deserts cast
By God's own throne, for blossomed bowers
Of wreathing flowers.

Now, crowned thou art

With such dear honors as far-blabbing Fame
Gives to her sons. Yet thy poor heart

Was made the forfeit to an empty name,
And vaguely dreaming thou didst leave behind
All peace of mind.

VIOLETS.

Under the mantle of frostwork and snow,
Close by the arc of the fairy queen's ring,
Sleeping in delicate grottos of ice,
Clusters of violets dream of the spring.

Visions of summer's soft sunbeams arise,
Mingled with bowers of wonderful lace,
Where, on the breast of a maiden, the bud,
Kisses the smile from a beautiful face.

THE BROOK.

Babbling merrily over its pebbles,
Humming its quaint little snatches of song,
Trilling its love to vale and to meadow,
Careless of right and heedless of wrong.
Rippling and warbling,
Purling and curling,
The brooklet hurriedly splashes along.

Whispering softly mossy traditions,
Always in motion, never at rest ;
Furnishing music as chaste as the zephyrs,
Tracing the stars on its billowy breast.
Splashing and dashing,
Dancing and glancing,
The brooklet hurriedly flows on its quest.

FEBRUARY.

King of the snow months,
Rugged and hale,
Hindering travel,
Blocking the mail,
Spreading a garment o'er mountain and dale.

Borne on thy breezes,
A chorus of bells
Ring out thy praises,
While through country dells,
Whispering music, the melody swells.

MOONLIGHT PHANTASIES.

The wind, close-hooded in the cloak of night,
Makes the long shadows waver to and fro
By swinging branches just athwart the light
Of the pale moon ; across the drifted snow
With shrilling laughter sweep its gusts, and lo !
From crystal wrappings, white-robed wraith and
sprite
Wheel in light columns, and together go
Through waltz mysterious and fantastic rite.
Mark how the poplars bow their lofty heads !
List to the roaring of the flooded stream !
On such an evening old Dame Nature treads
Her gladdest dances, while the elves that teem
In wood and meadow, leave their icy beds
And round her frolic where the starlight gleams.

SOFTLY, SWEETLY.

Softly, sweetly,
In the growing gray of morning,
Far and wide across the valley
Sound a thousand voices warbling,
In the coming of the spring,
Anthems to their Lord and King.

Softly, sweetly,
As though angel hands were touching
Strings of gold, melodious music
Wafts in waves of wonder, trembling,
Swelling in its peaceful strains
Far across the budding plains.

Softly, sweetly,
While the light of day is dawning,
Silvering o'er the distant mountains,
All the birds unite in singing
Carols of continued praise
For the coming summer days.

MARK HOPKINS.

Among the golden tales
Of those old days when Pericles with might
Ruled all the Greeks and patronized the arts,
Comes a tradition which has crossed the gales
Of censure these two thousand years, despite
Men's envy, and the many pointed darts
That foes have often hurled. It quaintly tells
How once an artist wrought a work so grand
That never man can hope to better guide
His tools, so fair that its repute excels
Our choicest gems ; shaped thus by the dead hand
Of Phidias, its memory must abide.

This man we mourn, God's wonder-working hand
Framed for a masterpiece, and though the tide
Of time has dared to sweep the well-loved face
From out our sight, yet ages shall not hide
His goodly fame ; and though with might a race
Of giants fill the earth, and distant skies
Resound their deeds, the sweet and proud renown
Of this devoted one shall still remain
An heirloom to all men, and praise shall rise
To God for such a gift, while glad hands crown
His urn with wreaths of silver-fruited grain.

TO THE BRANDYWINE RIVER.

Happy art thou, laughing river,
 Splashing Brandywine ;
Ever praising the Life-giver
 In thy song divine.
Round the pebbly fords dividing,
Through the fields and meadows gliding ;
O'er thy mossy shallows sliding,
 In a silvered line.

Happy art thou, laughing river,
 Splashing Brandywine ;
As thy wavelets surge and quiver,
 All thy song is mine.
Every little strain I treasure,
Which thy ripples without measure,
Trill and bubble at their pleasure,
 Splashing Brandywine.

OCEAN FOAM.

Born of the breakers,
 Silvery, fair,
Spinning out spray
 For mermaiden's hair ;
Cresting and breasting
 The mightiest waves,
Kissing the beach
 That the tide-water laves ;
Happy, beautiful, everywhere,
Now of the sea and now of the air.

FATE'S CHANGES.

Rosy-cheeked little maid,
 Searching for flowerets,
Reads in the orchard shade
 Nature's strange alphabets.

Pink and white clover bloom,
 Beautiful, delicate,
Breathe out a sweet perfume ;
 Hint at a tête-à-tête.

Time passes, blossoms die ;
 Maiden all lonely left,
Curses the earth and sky,
 Charging the Gods with theft.

THE POETRY OF CLOUDLAND

The battlements of cloudland,
 Raised in heaven's blue dome,
Lifting their snowy masses
 In heaps of tumbled foam,
Changing and shifting ever
 As the waves of a restless lake,
Contain a world of poetry
 Whatever form they take.

On the ramparts throngs of angels
 At times flit to and fro,
And when the sun is sinking
 You catch the silv'ry glow
Of dazzling arms and helmets,
 And to the wondering eye
Michael and all his legions
 Float thro' the realms on high.

Again, while bathed in wonder,
 Come thoughts of a truer world,
And one sees the future's banner
 With its spotless folds unfurled,
While the clouds in unstained beauty,
 As they drift thro' the skies above,

Seem the type of a golden era
Which shall sway the world by love.

But all that is found in their splendor
Can never be fully told
Till the silver cord is broken
With the bowl of virgin gold.
Till then may the gracious Father
Make us better to understand
The reflexes of glory
That fall from the crystal land.

PRINCETON.

Green and smooth rolling is the sward
Of Princeton's battlefield. In bright,
Clear glancing waves of light
The mornings kiss its grasses, and award
A silent benison, while year by year
Bubbling with song, the brook near by,
Beneath the warm blue sky,
Trills out its secrets loud and clear.

A wealth of clover clothes the place
Where clad in buff-lined coats of blue
Our countrymen o'erthrew
Their alien foe ; and violets efface
All signs of combat from the mound
Where Mercer fell. Here one might dream
Of peace, did not the stream
Tremble with echoes of a warlike sound.

SONNET.

Before the springtide come the loud March gales
That whistle 'mid the rigging far at sea,
Or shrieking forth in their demoniac glee
Course from the mountains and o'errun the vale.
Ere flowers bloom the dreary rains prevail
In shadowing showers far across the lea,
While through the garden every bush and tree
With mirrored tears their fateful lot bewail.
Yet after tempest comes a gracious calm,
And following rain the bows of promise shine ;
The hard-won battle yields a victor's palm,
And darkest backgrounds light the lace design ;
In sorrow's train there swells a triumph psalm ;
'Mid thorny crowns the budding roses twine.

DREAMLAND.

Stretching away from earth's shadows
Across brilliant meadows of gold,
Lost to the bounds of the present
And the faint traditions of old,
There lies on the verge of moonlight
A wond'rous beautiful land,
Smiling in verdure and color,
Traced by a mystical hand.

The fields, refulgent in flowers,
Are peopled with fairies and gnomes,
While far on the blushing horizon
Shine forth the silvery domes
Of myriad fanciful cities,
Within whose towering walls
Are corridors gleaming with crystal
And vaulted audience halls.

Hither, afar from earth's turmoil,
When night's dark curtain is spread,
Come numberless phantom-like spirits
To rest till the shadows have sped ;
And wealthy with poor intermingle,
Forgetful of sorrow and care,
Till the flowers welcome the sunlight,
And kiss morning's purified air.

BY THE SEA.

Grand and resistless in their sweep,
The skirmish line of the mighty deep,
The breakers of the Atlantic surge,
Over their rock-bound ramparts leap,
Dashing themselves against the shore,
Lashing the coast with a hollow roar,
Destined to battle forevermore.

Facing the raging of the main,
With a haughty aspect of cold disdain,
Lieth the grim Atlantic coast,
Bearing the ceaseless shock and strain,
Ready to meet each harsh attack,
And drive the great waves hurrying back,
Torn by the fearful shock and rack.

Thus are the fierce and sharp assaults
Of wrong in a darkened world,
And thus, when swelling conflict comes,
Are its close battalions hurled
Back to the depths by the cliffs of right,
That raise their ramparts clear and bright
With their standards all unfurled.

TO A CERTAIN HOUSEHOLD QUEEN.

Had God vouchsafed that the Evangelist,
Who leaned on Jesus' bosom, should with might
Draw in poetic fire those lines of light
Which wreath thy features in a golden mist—
As if some kingly archangel had kissed
Thy soft brown eyes,—he would have failed
despite

His high commission ; for no human sight,
Searching the depths of power that exist
Within the soul, could reproduce thy face—
Instinct with tender love thoughts that reflect
God's greater charity,—nor lightly paint
The aureole of beauty that, with grace,
Lights up thy brow seraphically deckt
In all the bright insignia of a saint.

ATLANTIS AND VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

ATLANTIS.

There was a time when silver-girdled Greece
Brought forth in numbers from her glinting sands
The long-oared triremes, and to distant lands
Sent her brave mariners. The golden fleece
Once won, both War and Peace
With ardor led brave bands
To where Phœnicia under Persian kings
Marshalled for battle, or in view of trade
Sought those far islands where the storm wind rings
Its fiercest challenge amid rock-bound bays.
Then strife ruled all the sea, and tribute laid
On all who coursed her ways,
Till sword and red-tongued blaze
Became the handmaids of the voyager's craft,
And shout of combat wrestled with the storm
For precedence. Sing of that rivalry,
O mighty ocean ! on whose teeming breast
Both thunderbolts and warrior's feathered shaft
Have spent their force, and make thy notes con-
form
To rhythm's charm, till in a wild unrest,
From east to gray-bound west,
The conquered winds thy praise in music waft.

That golden age brought forth a poet race,
Who looked beyond the present to the shore
Of the hereafter. Not theirs to bend the oar
Amid high-dashing seas ; not theirs to trace
The seas from gloomy Thrace
To where with sullen roar
The northern ocean battles with the reefs
Of distant Thule, but when brave deeds were
done

It was their part to glorify the chiefs,
Or weave in web-like wonder charts
The threadlike tales which sea-worn sailors spun
Of strange and foreign marts,
And of the many arts
Which hostile peoples knew ; nor could they bear
To cease their labors when each golden fact
Within the pattern had been deftly wrought,
But laying down the tapestry they dreamed
Of regions fabulous and lands unseen,
Where palm-trees hung with golden fruit attract
The gaily plumaged birds, and in the sheen
Of sunlight natives glean
The wealth of ore with which their fields are seamed.

Time spoke his fiat : poet and sailor slept
Beneath the verdure of the sunny land
That gave them birth ; but, passed from hand to
hand,
The singer's words lived on, and those who swept

The sea in vessels kept
Their counsel, and with brand
Close girdled round the waist, sailed thro' the
gates

Of Hercules, and in the open main,
With courage strong and heedless of the fates,
Sought for adventure, till the growing shades
Of the dark ages palsied every brain,
And with quaint masquerades,
Mysteries, and crusades
Held all the world inactive, while once more
The billows danced unfettered in the sight
Of the base weaklings whom the priestly craft
Of Romish minions had deprived of all
The qualities of man.

Confess thy guilt, O Babylonish curse,
And with low dirges let thy monks deplore
Those eons lost, and in their cells rehearse,
In low, slow-footed verse,
The flagrant crimes of popish partisan.

Thus slept the earth, while babbling in its arms
The ocean told of grottos far away,
Where, 'neath the veil of silver-splashing spray,
Corals and pearls conceal their dainty charms,
And sponges like tall palms
In dark-hued columns sway
Their living clusters with the changing tide ;
Or else it whispered tales of wondrous mines,

Where golden nuggets gleamed on every side,
And rarest jewels, like imprisoned beams
Of great Apollo, rest on fairy shrines,
While in white shining seams
The precious silver gleams
More softly radiant than the rifting moon.
'Neath every wave-hewn cliff and sand-swept shore,
Rung through the changes of the growing gale,
Or softly sung in the sweet monotones
Of the long surf lines that forever croon
Their rhythmic symphonies with muffled roar,
Were told these stories, till the very shells
Wafted from distant zones,
With all their fluted cones
Trembling in echo, caught the chosen tune.

Such songs are for the listening ear
Of the inspired hero. While the mass
Of low-bred mortals let the music pass
With hasty comment, the prophetic seer
May, as he listens, hear
Some secret that shall clear
Full many a mystery that thus far
Has puzzled poet and scholar—*Whether 't were
thus*
That Colon saw, like some bright new-born star,
The famed Atlantis, or by patient thought
Spent o'er the tomes of those magnanimous
Old Greeks who ever sought

Some newer truth, and caught
From them a thirst for knowledge that should be
An eager pilot to far-distant strands ;
It matters not, since Destiny had wrought
Full many a conquest 'mid the threads of gold
Which typified his life. On bended knee
This ragged suppliant in foreign lands
First of all Eastern people shall behold
The warm skies that enfold
A fabled continent across the sea.

Discovered by the lightning's fitful gleam,
A caravel high tossing on the main
Amid fierce gusts of wind and hustling rain,
Is destined to become the noble theme
Of world applause. The dream
Long nurtured in the brain
Of one inspired, shall become some day
A grand reality. Rage then, ye storms !
With mingling clouds of silver-combing spray,
Blot out the heavens from the stricken eyes
Of those who scorn thy strength and thus transform
The deep ! Make waves arise
To dare the distant skies,
And in thy fury teach this dauntless one
The limits of his reign ! Alas ! the hand
Of guiding Deity is stronger far
Than all your minions. Beams of light
Shall yet reveal a prize most bravely won ;

As in the heavens rifts of blue expand
Till 'gainst their softening background, like a star
Of promise, a long bar
Of the new land shall sparkle in the sun.

WITH CHRISTMAS BELLS.

With Christmas bells and holly boughs,
Sweet music trembles o'er the land ;
From ocean unto ocean strand
You hear its accents sweet and grand,
While frolic wakens from its drowse
With Christmas bells and holly boughs.

With Christmas bells and holly boughs
Laughter and joy all cares dismiss,
While, 'neath the mistletoe, a kiss
Lays open a sweet world of bliss,
And paves the way for lovers' vows,
With Christmas bells and holly boughs.

THE SOFTEST TINT.

RONDEL.

The softest tint that nature knows
Reveals its beauty thro' a blush,
When all the distant skyland glows
At evening with a rosy flush.

And when to lure the artist's brush,
The peach its cheek in summer shows,
The softest tint that nature knows—
Reveals its beauty thro' a blush.

Behind the ball-room's curtained plush
You 'll find, when begging for a rose,
That while the maiden answers, "Hush!"
And just outside the music grows,
The softest tint that nature knows
Reveals its beauty thro' a blush.

TO AN OLD WEDDING DRESS.

Somewhat too full in skirt you say
To suit the style that now holds sway,
All that may be—but in the day
 That memory treasures,
When through the homestead's antique halls
Its gentle frou-frou kissed the walls,
'T was á la mode. Its cut recalls
 Some old-time pleasures.

Though yellowed now, 't was once the pride
Of stalwart groom and blushing bride,
While wedding guests on every side,
 As was their duty,
Praised loudly the becoming dress,
Remarked the maiden's loveliness,
And passing on among the press,
 Talked of her beauty.

Drawn from the fragrant cedar chest,
Where softly smoothed and gently pressed
Its silken folds have lain at rest,
 What wonder is it
That it should prattle secrets old
From blabbing plait to wine-stained fold,
And with romances now twice told
 Repay our visit?

TO MY LADY. .

Pansies don't smile for all, my Love,
As sweetly as for you ;
They catch the sunshine of your eyes,
And robing in their fairest guise,
Give back the reflex blue.

They are so pure that with you, Dear,
They breathe their own clear air ;
And with their nicely tinted shades,
Do homage to the queen of maids
In colors soft and rare.

Pansies are sweet interpreters
Of my great love for you,
And thoughts the lips cannot express
Dwell ever in their heavenliness,
To blossom there anew.

AN INDICATION.

A lilac cloud against a spotless sky
Reflects the glory of the morning light,
Moving across the seas of living blue
Seeking an harbor in its airy flight.

If thou wouldst learn how transient are all joys,
Watch but the changes that come o'er its face,
As the great sun, arising in his pride,
Courses the heavens in his daily race.

Ere yet one paltry hour shall pass away,
The fates decree it shall resume again
That darker panoply that ever breathes
A silent warning of the coming rain.

WISHES.

A village car and a pretty girl,
A ride o'er a hardened road,
A pleasant chat and a stolen kiss,
With your arm placed "a la mode."

A royal day with a smiling sky,
A trim little horse to drive,
And a whispered "yes," that makes you just
The happiest man alive.

DREAMS.

ON THE HUNTING GROUND.

We sleep upon fir-tree boughs at night,
My hunting dog and I,
He dreams of the chase thro' the whistling pines,
But I
Dream of a house in a city street
Where the smoky chimneys rise to meet
The arching blue of the sky.

We sleep upon fir-tree boughs at night,
My hunting dog and I,
He dreams of a stag with his antlers tall,
But I
Dream of a girl with a sweet round face,
Of her pretty ways and her charming grace,
And the bonds we hope to tie.

We sleep upon fir-tree boughs at night
My hunting dog and I,
He dreams of the morrow's sunny smile,
But I
Dream of one that I idolize,
And the promise that rests in her soft blue eyes,
For the coming by and by.

WINTER HAS COME.

RONDEAU.

Winter has come. O'er hill and plain
The zephyrs in a merry train
Fill the glad air with crystals bright,
That whirl about in sheer delight,
The heralds of a long campaign.

The brook wrapped in an icy chain
Struggles against its bonds in vain ;
The fields about are clad in white ;
Winter has come.

While sweeter than aught minstrel strain
Anon you hear the loud refrain
Of sleigh-bells in their tinkling flight,
Now tumbling over yonder height,
Then swelling loud and clear again.
Winter has come.

A SOUVENIR.

RONDEAU.

A souvenir with dainty bands,
Wrought by a pretty maiden's hands,
During the happy days of old,
In silks and ribbons manifold,
Upon my study table stands.

It tells of shining glinting sands
Where oft we walked in foreign lands,
Although 't is only, so I 'm told,
A souvenir.

The limit of my room expands,
And heeding memory's commands,
The dancing shades of eve unfold,
The girl with hair of trembling gold,
Who gave me once, on distant strands,
A souvenir.

TO THE LITTLE NIECE.

NOW.

A dainty gift from above,
A pure little soul from the skies,
Mirroring in its blue eyes
A wealth of seraphic love.

THEN.

The loveliest maid in the land,
Clasped in the arms of her knight,
Watching the waning light
On the future's beautiful strand.

THE BELLE.

A QUERY.

A perfect profile, with a ruby lip,
And eyes deep trembling in a sea of blue.
Tell me, despite keen rivalry,
Can she be faithful, is she ever true?

A stately form, and a commanding air,
Such as belong to but a chosen few.
Tell me, for some are yet more false than fair,
Can she be faithful, is she ever true?

A swimming gait, all lovely in address,
A fairer ideal never artist knew.
May I believe the love her lips profess,
Can she be faithful, is she ever true?

SHE SAYETH NO.

She sayeth no, she meaneth yes ;
You comprehend her less and less,
But still, though others criticize,
You are content to agonize
Upon her charms, and idolize
The beauty you cannot possess.

She sayeth no, she meaneth yes ;
And some day for your faithfulness,
The lady that you canonize,
Ceasing to flirt and tyrannize,
With all your plans will sympathize,
And put aside her wilfulness—
She sayeth no, she meaneth yes.

A STUDENT'S ROOM.

Adorned with bits of bric-a-brac,
Some sketches made in white and black ;
A parasol, hung high to date
The inmate's meeting with his fate ;
Palm leaves of wondrous size and guise
On which red stocks take exercise ;
All sorts of knick-knacks, large and small,
That hang in clusters from the wall,—
Here a remembrance of some call,
And there the favors of a ball,—
Mere trifles to avert the gloom,
And dulness of a study-room.
Foils, boxing-gloves, and sundry canes,
Made up in diverse combinations,
Exist in peaceable relations ;
While all prepared for tired brains,
A set of pipes, hung in a row,
With genial welcome overflow ;
Pictures of maidens debonair
From tintypes laugh with don't-care air ;
While over all, one passing fair,
With smiling eyes and rippling hair,
Drives every stranger to despair.

INVITING.

Pretty and sweet, ever so neat,
Sitting alone in a tête-à-tête seat,
Seeming to say by her negligent air—
Come and sit side of me, sir, if you dare.

Saucy and pert ; dying to flirt ;
Knowing the ropes, and more than expert.
When she goes further, and seems to insist,
Who for the moment would dare to resist ?

TO A COQUETTE.

Many golden years have fled
Since o'er sturdy Salem town,
Sunset with its streamers red,
Mirrored but the sandy down,
Where convicted witches bled.

Then if maids by merest chance,
Smiled with a coquettish eye,
They were said to look askance,
And were soon condemned to die,
Losing all things by a glance.

Heartless little modern flirt !
Had you lived then, as a witch,
For your ways so coy and pert,
In a pot of boiling pitch
You 'd have met your due desert.

BALLADE.

Crossing the current of murmuring streams,
Robed in sweet blossoms, surpassingly fair,
Beauteous summer glides into our dreams,
Changing our visions before we 're aware,
Scattering flowerets everywhere,
And bringing within her glorious train
A bevy of maidens that shortly enchain
Our versatile hearts, and make us forget
Last season's disastrous, fatal campaign,
Amid the coy glances of Blonde and Brunette.

Out on the ocean the sun heralds gleam,
And glistening sails the sea-breezes share,
While all the beautiful meadowlands teem
With daisies, that smile with a mischievous air,
When, kissed by the zephyrs, they straightway de-
clare,
Unless these gallants retract and explain,
They never shall come to their presence again.
Thus sweet nature laughs, as without regret
The tortured collegian is dazzled and slain
Amid the coy glances of Blonde and Brunette.

Complexions of mingled peaches and cream
Bid even the hater of woman beware,

Lest forced to the brink of a helpless esteem,
He finds himself left to a ruthless despair,
Since she is unwilling his colors to wear ;
There are maidens petite, whose ways entertain,
And Juno-like belles with air of disdain,
And strong is the courtier who pays not a debt
Before bright September commences to wane
Amid the coy glances of Blonde and Brunette.

ENVOY.

“ Then welcome, fair maidens, whatever your reign,
We ’ll obey your decrees, you have but to ordain ;
And welcome the seasons in which we ’re beset
By imperious fate, while we struggle in vain
Amid the coy glances of Blonde and Brunette.”

A MYSTERY.

Blue eyes
Beneath her jaunty hat
Are trembling with a saucy smile,
While playing with her parasol
She passes up the central aisle.

Blue eyes
Take note, so carelessly !
Of where you 're seated, all intent
Upon her motions, as she turns
With artless air, indifferent.

Blue eyes
When services are o'er
Will greet you with a calm *surprise*,
When you aver that in the church
You caught a glance from her blue eyes.

THE MOSQUITO.

RONDEAU.

Severely grim, with cushioned tread
He walks about your curtained bed,
Dances all gory on night's pall,
Or flying through the lighted hall,
Draws rations from your aching head.

Oft when his worsted foes have fled,
He reigns triumphant in their stead,
And loudly sounds his bugle call,
Severely grim.

An apparition dark and dread
With lancet that hath cut and bled,
Singing he eyes you from the wall,
Or perched upon the bed-post tall,
He licks his chops all ghastly red,
Severely grim.

IN BY-GONE TIMES.

RONDEAU.

In by-gone times ere romance died,
When dragons lurked on every side
And knights in shining coat of mail
Scoured o'er mountain, field, and dale
 With haughty mien and lofty pride,

Then he who dared to boldly ride
With constancy, could win a bride ;
A lover true could hardly fail
 In by-gone times.

Who does not wish the swelling tide
Of modern ways would flow aside,
And, as in merry ancient tale,
In love, the truest could prevail ?
Devotion was the safest guide
 In by-gone times.

THE PRETTY DEBATER.

She 's not a logician,
Nor makes the pretence
Of rhetorical power
To verbally fence,
But little it matters how sturdy your ground,
She 'll shortly convince you the point is unsound.

Beneath arching brows
Gentle batteries play,
Under cover of which
In studied array
From the reddest of lips come arguments sweet,
That rout syllogisms in utter defeat.

Retreat if you 're wise,
And trust to her grace,
But beg a few kisses
In lieu of your case,
With the triumphant smile she cannot conceal,
"I 'll promise assent to your fervent appeal."

THE COQUETTE.

Pretty? No doubt, but deceitful ;
Those eyes, with their wicked amaze,
Have oft, under my observation,
Been touched with a fiery blaze.
Take heed, lest through infatuation
You writhe 'neath their treacherous rays !

Pretty? Too true. And she 's conscious
Of every charm that she owns,
Although, 'neath the glow of the ball-room,
You hear her in whispering tones
Lamenting her excessive plainness,
And envying others their thrones.

Pretty? Ah, yes. And her beauty,
Reinforced by an infamous art,
Has slain, in the space of a season,
Full many an honorable heart.
My friend, if I 'm not late in warning,
You will take my advice, and depart.

BALLADE.

Though men in their dealings are cruel and cold,
 Enveloping earth in a cloud of deceit ;
Though women are tinctured with faults manifold,
 And nourish detractions too great to repeat ;
Yet oft will one find, in a hidden retreat,
 Pure, natural grace, that with timorous plea,
Like the touch of the wind 'mid the high-standing
 wheat,
Breathes poetry's sweet song over meadow and
 sea.

Though minions of darkness the seasons enfold,
 And every bright phantom is doomed to defeat ;
Though false coin is current as government gold,
 And the bulb of your Fahrenheit burst with the
 heat ;
Though friends are determined to lie and to cheat,
 Yet by an intangible mystic decree,
Some power divinely—where sorrow 's replete—
 Breathes poetry's sweet song over meadow and
 sea.

Though even the heavens their sunbeams withhold,
 And Apollo is sizzled upon his high seat ;

Though fraudulent coupons are bargained and sold,
And zephyrs are burdened with showers of
sleet ;
Though even the better are somewhat effete,
Yet gaining its strength in some sheltering lea,
The soft voice of nature, that 's ever discreet,
Breathes poetry's sweet song over meadow and
sea.

ENVOY.

Though skeptics in foolishness try to compete,
And pessimists argue with aims obsolete,
There 's something that, whispering, dear Love, of
thee,
Breathes poetry's sweet song over meadow and sea.

A SIMILE.

Light and shadow
Darkening, glancing,
Clouds and sunshine
Changing, dancing,
Frowns and kisses
Deep, entrancing.

Light and shadow
Joining, parting,
Playing 'mid the smiling flowers,
Tinting all the distant sky,
Are but types of frowns and kisses.
Meeting, blending,
Sporting amid maiden's bowers,
Joining but to beautify.

DOUBTFUL.

They said that the maiden had no heart !
We stood beside a clustering bed
Whence one little pansy raised its head
As though 't were a thing of art,
I saw in the depths of her soft blue eyes
A gentle movement of glad surprise ;
They said that the maiden had no heart !
Over the blossom she bent with grace,
Brushing the dew from its smiling face,
And moving the leaves apart,
She plucked the flower with tender care
And hid it within her soft brown hair ;
They said that the maiden had no heart !

MY GIRL.

Well, no, I don't claim she 's a beauty,
But the neat little toss of her head
Is something defying description,
And then, it is commonly said
That none can surpass her at painting
In oils upon canvas or tile,
While the prettiest maid in creation
Would fall far behind her in style.

She sings as divinely as Patti,
And dances as though her dear heart,
Being lost to all other diversion,
Was wholly bound up in the art ;
Yet when 'we 're alone in the twilight,
Thro' moments too dear to be bought,
She blushes a bit while confessing
That something else burdens her thought.

LIPS OF THE DAINTIEST HUE.

TRIOLET.

Lips of the daintiest hue,
That tremble and coax for a kiss :
Better than aught others do,
Lips of the daintiest hue,
Know how to bid an adieu ;
These are the bearers of bliss :
Lips of the daintiest hue,
That tremble and coax for a kiss.

A STUDY.

A bed of sparkling water,
 With the golden sun portrayed
Upon its laughing bosom,
 As though it perchance had strayed
From out of the happy heavens
 In an hour of sinful mirth,
To play with the sparkling wavelets
 That lie in the lap of earth.

A boat of lightest texture
 Pushed 'mid the nodding reeds,
In a bay of fairy pattern,
 Where the sloping bank recedes ;
Clusters of water-lilies
 Outside the tiny port,
And a bunch of snowy petals
 Across the middle thwart.

Two oars in the listless rowlocks
 Lying at perfect rest,
And the prettiest of maidens
 Weighing a youth's request.

BALLADE OF VOICES.

When mystic moonlight casts its sheen
About the world in soft'ning lines,
And in the brook that skirts the green
Each little star reflected shines ;
You 'll hear beneath the bowing pines,
That long since learned to be discreet,
Just where the lover's walk inclines,
The sound of voices low and sweet.

The flowers marshalled round their queen,
Breaking the bond that each confines,
Murmur their rage with petty spleen
At this invasion of their shrines,
And conjure many deep designs
To banish from their snug retreat,
After the golden sun declines,
The sound of voices low and sweet.

But still within their fair demesne,
Regardless of these hostile signs,
Lovers at eventide are seen
With all that youth and grace combines ;
Where clematis in beauty twines
In fairy circled realms they meet,

And music wafts through clinging vines
The sound of voices low and sweet.

ENVOY.

Fair romance often here reclines,
And list'ning near the rustic seat,
To dark oblivion resigns
The sound of voices low and sweet.

AT FT. WM. HENRY.

With you, sweetheart! And your dear face
In all my thought—a dream of grace,—
Long years ago I, wanton, bent
My footsteps hitherward, and spent
A happy summer in this place—
Where light and shadow interlace,
And o'er the lake the wavelets chase—
Yet had I been far more content
With you, sweetheart.

To-night 't is pleasant to retrace
Those old-time moods, for smiles efface
The incidents we both lament,
And on the old fort's battlement
Moonbeams wrap me in one embrace
With you, sweetheart.

BITS FROM THE GERMAN.

DIE LIEBENDE SCHREIBT.

O precious glances from my love's blue eyes !
O kisses pressed by her mouth upon mine !
Besides the favors granted at her shrine
Earth yields no blossoms and all pleasure dies.

Apart from thee, estranged, 'neath foreign skies,
In the same round my wayward thoughts incline,
And as with tendrils, constantly entwine
Thy gracious self—what wonder great tears rise !

But there ! the dark-lined clouds are brushed aside.
“ He loves you,” comes the whisper from my heart,
And some fair day, hope's harbingers allege
Fortune shall smile : This secret I confide
To thee, my Love—my Joy, my Soul thou art,
And all my will is thine ;—bind thou the pledge.

BAUERNREGEL—PRECEPTS FOR PEASANTS.

In summer seek your little maid,
In garden or in field,
When long days light your chosen glade,
And nights their perfume yield.

In winter cut each tender tie
Which kindred hearts entwine,
For who can stand where snowdrifts lie,
Though moonbeams softly shine ?

THE LETTER WHICH YOU HAVE WRITTEN.

The letter thou hast written
Has no ill news for me ;
When maidens send the mitten
They write more cautiously.

Twelve sheets all written closely
In hand compact and fine ;
Dead love writes not so fully,
But only sends a line.

ICH SPRACH ZUR SONNE.

Unto the sun I cried : O tell me what is love ?

He answered not, although the sky was all aflame.

To the flower I cried : O tell me what is love ?

Its fragrance was distilled, but, lo ! no answer
came.

Unto the Lord I cried : O tell me what is love ?

Is holiness its sum, or must one wanton be ?

Then God gave me a wife, down-bending from
above ;

And now no more I plead—for Love has an-
swered me.

BY-PATH GLEANINGS.

CLASS POEM—WILLIAMS.

A flood of changes following warm and fair,
With golden sunsets and imperial skies,
Has charmed with sorceries the months, and where
A fleeting season past, our wandering eyes
Found naught to rest on save the snowy guise
With which chill Winter clothes the hills and
fields,
A myriad blossoms from their coverts rise
And dot the meadows with their smiling shields.

April and May had carpeted with green
The valley's wealth of smiling meadow-land
Before we realized, classmates, that the queen
Of all the months, with her attendant band
Of elves and merry gnomes, was close at hand,
And throwing off the influence that glides
Into our day-dreams, we awoke ; and, lo ! the
grand,
Sweet month, borne ever on by Time's swift tides,
Was at our portal with the precious gifts
She strews as broadly as the light that drifts
In golden glory the dark mountain side.

June, golden June, whose charms conciliate
The restless spirits of the mount and plain,
With budding promises that dissipate
The darkest fears, thro' country path and lane,
Has re-established her auspicious reign ;
The woods are garlanded with wreaths of hope ;
Lacing together in a silver chain,
The rills and sunbeams dart along the slope
And flash assurances of dreams fulfilled ;
Delightful perfumes from the fields distilled
Delight the senses, while with soft refrain
The wandering zephyrs in their sweetest strain
Whisper of autumn to the swelling grain.

Since we are travelling into unknown seas
Let these sweet auguries have room and place
Within our hearts ; the favoring breeze
That now plays softly o'er the streamlet's face,
And stirs the branches of the maple-trees,
May prove a harbinger of favoring gales,
Hereafter swelling fortune's purple sails.

For we are voyagers that with sounding lute
Have drifted down the courses of life's stream
'Mid scenes of joy and peace, where golden fruit
With budding flowers in the sunshine gleam,
And soft illusions clothe each waking dream ;
Till, growing conscious of the fading shore,

We feel new currents sweep against the oar,
And hear commingled with the curlew's scream
In hoarse defiance the dull ocean roar.

When hands inspired sweep across the strings
Of harp or lyre, and the soft sweet strain,
From dwelling 'mid the violets, wings
Aloft a skyward flight, our glad hearts gain
New revelations that with art enchain
The nobler powers. With the growing sweep
Of ocean billows, as life's broadening main
Dawns full upon the vision, and the deep,
Proudly neglectful of its glorious reign,
Drowns with its music the soft canzonet
Of streamlet bright and purling rivulet,
Men bow instinctively at Nature's shrine,
And seek the mystery of life's alphabet.

So comrades ; as the stronger ocean tides
Of worldly action dash against the beaks
Of our frail shallops, and on every side
We hear the louder murmuring that bespeaks
The white-capped breakers, reaching far and wide ;
Let us give ear to all their song would teach,
For both the billows whose curved frontlets hide
A strength titanic, and the smiling reach
Of rippled wavelets kissing the white beach,
Carry as sea-weeds the unravelled gold
Of life's great mysteries and truths untold.

Till now the shallows with their shingled beds
Of colored sands have yielded to your strength,
As following in its course the shining thread
Of the bright river through its winding length,
Ye grasped the tiller carelessly and spread
The softly purpled sails ; but with the range
Of waters blue, that in the offing wed
The bluer skies, there comes a wondrous change
Into your lives : God grant ye find the key
To every riddle that the droning sea
Of time puts forth to test your virtue ;
For ye are strong, though past days have been
free

From warring tempests, or the interchange
Of knightly blows in combat ; armored cap-a-pie
With truth and honor, your mailed hands will hew
A way to victory, when the retinue
Of sin's great captain, dare your vessel's sides ;
The fiercest gale that blows, or ever blew,
Shall wrestle vainly with the swelling tides
To wreck your craft, and ye shall gain
Your ends at last with Galahad, and view
Bright visions with the ceasing hurricane.

*Thus fortune preludes final victory.
Meantime a gracious mystery
Has wrought o'erhead a dainty canopy,
Where tinted hues of shaded green*

*Are lace-like wrought into the sheen
Of heavenly blue, as bright and fair
As southern skies, while everywhere
More brilliant than the field of gold,
With costumes rich and manifold,
The greensward spreads its smiling lawn
As if to welcome in the dawn
Of glad commencement. Far and wide
The pencilled rays of light divide,
And shower with a silvered rain
The flowers, flashing back again
A reflex glory. Joy and mirth
With blessings strew the blooming earth ;
While mounted high on leafy throne,
By every wandering zephyr blown,
The robin in its sweetest tone
Whistles of some far distant zone,
Where long and gray the bearded moss
Hangs from the trees like silken floss.*

Four long summers have past since our well-beloved
queen of the Berkshires,
Crowned with her emerald hills, as a princess be-
decked with her jewels,
Whispered a welcome soft to the class that buoyant
and hopeful,
Came as a link in the chain of those that have
drank at her fountains.

Four long summers have past, and still o'er the beautiful village,
Greylock uprears his crest, as strong and as grandly majestic
As in the days that are gone—a type of the bonds that are lasting,
And of a love that abides
Eternal while all things are changing.
Spring after spring in the fields have we watched the violets weaving
Webs of purple and white in the woof of the glistening meadow,
Or on the mountain tops, with the earliest breezes of April,
Brushing the leaves aside, have discovered the arbutus hiding
Petals that seem to have gained their delicate tints from the angels.
Yonder, a rose-colored cloud, its corollas daintily painted,
Blossomed the pinxter flower, while in the lower morasses,
Yellowing all the vale, the cowslips bloomed and departed.
Summer, succeeding spring, has swept like a dream of enchantment
Through the broad streets of the town and along the blossoming valley,
Painting the girdling hills with a hundred shades, till, desponding,

Autumn has grasped the brush and brought in a
season of wonder,
Dyeing the leaves far and wide with yellow and
gold and vermillion,
Till from the crest of Stonehill, all along the
verge of the river,
All the landscape has flushed with a glorious blend-
ing of color.
Away on the side of "Berlin," a softly mantling
rubescence
Reddens to crimson, while far on the opposite
height of Mound Williams
Spreads there an aureate veil, that deepens at
spots into saffron.
Clad in such various beauties, the months have
come and departed,
Even old Winter relenting at times for his cold-
ness and harshness,
And with the beams of the sun upbuilding such
castles of glory
That we have seemed to look deep, far into the
portals of heaven.
Four long summers have passed, and how sweet are
the bright recollections
That with their glittering threads weave into the
web of the present
Pictures that never will fade, of color and beauty
enduring :
Here, in a transport of joy, we hail the triumphant
eleven,

Lifting our hats far on high and loudly cheering for
Williams ;
And there, 'mid a storm of applause, the nine
wrests a vict'ry from Amherst.
Far on the loftiest walls of memory's tapestried
dwelling
Shall these fair paintings be placed, and as highly
honored among them,
As is a queen in her court, will be found the remem-
brance of Class-day ;
Made more radiant yet, 'mid its cloud of flowers
and maidens,
By clustering faces of friends, perchance by the
face of a sweetheart.
Four long summers have past, and now on the verge
of Commencement,
Many a heart grows faint as it thinks of the bonds
to be severed,
Many an eye grows dim as, lost in a boundless per-
spective,
Vainly it seeks for the form, endeared by a thou-
sand relations.
Often in coming years, when mayhaps the whiskers
are silvered,
Shall we look back to these days with a yearning
too great to be uttered,
Pressing again the hands, that then shall be resting
forever,
Living over again the ardent debate in the
sanctum,

Or loudly greeting the boys, as they come laurel-
crowned from the campus.
Judges and gray-haired divines shall forget the
succession of triumphs
That has brought influence crowned with the last-
ing trust of the people,
And leaving pulpit and bench, shall bend on a pil-
grimage hither,
Telling old tales of the time when they rivalled
each other in college.
And in those coming days, as we think of the glory
departed,
Often our thoughts shall retrace the features of two
of our classmates
Gone in the strength of their youth, while yet our
bonds were united.

*The flowers did not fold
Their petals fair,
Nor did the winds withhold
Their zephyrs from the fields, but all the sky
Grew darker to the sight, and everywhere
Semblance of mourning seemed to mortify
The bitterness of grief.
Toll softly, bell ! Toll softly for the early dead !
For those whose vision had but just attained
Youth's joyous prospect, when its beauties waned
Upon the sight. Toll softly for the early dead !
Their spirits like some leaf
That fades while yet 't is spring,*

*As if imagining
An unheard music, or an unseen light,
Have taken flight.*

Thus sadly as a battered host that hears
The peal of victory ringing o'er the field,
We pause amid the circling round of cheers,
To note the forms borne past upon their shields,
Then turn to mark the trophies that now shine
Far in the vanward. We may softly lay
A spray of laurel on the sleeping forms
That now have passed the limits of life's storms,
But with the deed, the genius of our day
And generation calls us from the shrine.

Never before has the loved purple streamed
Its royal banner o'er more conquests gained
Than in this era, when beloved, esteemed
By all who, struggling by it, have maintained
The cause of right and culture, it has gleamed
High on the loftiest parapets attained
By truth's battalions. Beautiful and bright
It glistens like a meteor in the light
Of a new eon, and around it press
The hearts and hands that sturdily uphold
Its lofty tenets. Surely manliness
Is made more manly by a hundred-fold
As liberal thought and teaching purge the mind
From ignorant conceits, until refined

And rendered useful, intellect is placed
Upon a sure foundation. Such a task
Our Alma Mater long ago embraced,
Forging the helm and buckling on the casque
Of many a youthful knight,
Whose deeds of strength and might
Are with her own fair laurels interlaced.

How beauteous art thou in thy loveliness
O gracious mother ! Morning's growing blush
Girds all thy towers with a soft caress ;
And when the night comes with its blessedness,
It is as if some wonder-working brush
Had wrought the starlight into quaint designs
Upon thy close-cut lawns. Often in those bright days
That lie beyond, shall we recall the shrines
Where we found God in nature, read his praise
In the delightful music of the rills,
And sought a broader vision ; now, alas !
For the last time, as a united class
Shall we behold the sunlight on these hills
That time has made so dear. Behold, a voice,
Ringing and clear as some wild bugle blast,
Fills all the æther, bidding us rejoice—
The time has come for action ! holding fast
To all that is eternal, let us face
The crash of combat, and by valor place
Our banners in the van ; by God's good grace
We'll live to conquer—though the world oppose !

THE SAXONS.

Men of majestic stature, tall and fair,
With limbs gigantic and proud-towered heads ;
They sneered at fear, and made their leafy beds
Upon the field of carnage. Binding their long hair
In tufted warlock, they would do and dare
More than a Roman. Courage seemed inbred
In their stern breasts. Where'er their chieftain led,
There would they follow, even if despair
Beset their way. From such a noble race
Came England's heroes, Frobisher and Drake,
And those brave mariners who dared to trace
The pathless ocean, and to undertake
The voyage across the sea, while in disgrace
They drove Spain home and thundered in her wake.

AT EVENTIDE.

When shadows kiss the distant heights,
And in the west the color dies,
The myrmidons of golden lights
That dot the heaven's wide expanse,
And glorify the mantled skies,
Bespeak an army's grand advance.

Battalions on battalions flash
Their sparkling lances toward the world,
While meteoric couriers dash
Upon their errands, and one hears,
From where the milk-white flags are furled,
The wondrous "music of the spheres."

A REBUFF.

Happy sunbeams, ever glancing
O'er my table ; prancing, dancing
Outside on the gleaming snow,
Do away with this romancing ;
You 're not nearly so entrancing
As the light from eyes I know.

TO ORION.

Great Orion, king of heaven,
Warder of the hosts of night,
Shining forth in all thy splendor,
Ever gloriously bright,
There is music in thy progress o'er the purple dome
on high,
When at length the twilight deepens and a shadow
veils the sky.

Thou art sung in ancient story,
Hoary seers have watched thy course
Striding through the gem-lit heavens,
Marshalling thy starry force.
Hail ! O mighty in thy grandeur as the wondrous
work of One
Who, with ever-living wisdom, weighs the floods
and guides the sun.

IVY SONG.

Symbol of sacred ties,
Kissing the gray wall's face,
Weave in a chaste design
All that our hearts enshrine,
As with a native grace
Thy budding sprays shall rise
Toward the fair smiling skies.

Springtide shall clothe thy stems
With garlands rare and green,
Emblems of cherished aim ;
While autumn's ruddy flame,
Painting thy leafy sheen,
Shall make a thousand gems,
Flash from thy diadems.

Twine, Ivy, closely twine,
Round friendship's golden bond,
And where thy boughs enweave,
May our glad hearts perceive
Glimpses of joys beyond ;
While o'er thy clinging vine,
Heaven's best blessings shine.

A FRAGMENT.

Over the self-same road
 We had travelled in early June,
When the flowers blushed in beauty,
 And the birds were all in tune.
Over the self-same road,
 While above us, far on high,
The sun in his car of fire
 Swept through a clearing sky.
The snow lay all about us,
 But the flowers were in my heart ;
And sweetly they smiled and budded
 When they knew your gentle art.
No birds sang in the branches,
 But music thrilled my breast,
Far in the lowly valleys,
 And away on the mountain's crest.
God grant the same sweet music
 May cut through the future's haze,
And hang with blossoming garlands
 The life of the coming days !

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE DOG.

They have no souls, these myriad friends
Whom God to man has given,
Between the spirit and the clay
Are endless chasms riven ;
But surely when creation stirred
By mandate from above,
Into their humbler forms there breathed
The elements of love.

HERMON.

O faint blue hills, that to the Christ-child's eyes
Gleamed soft and distant on the shadowy line
Of Nazareth's horizon ; though twilight dies
Along your crested peaks, glory divine
Shall ever fold thy forms, for from the skies
That kiss thy summits, memorable sign !
God spake his love, and in an earthly guise
The prophets talked with Christ. Each holy
shrine
The wide world over knows your blessed tale,
And pilgrims who with toil thy hill-tops gain,
Bow low the knee—as if the seamless veil
'Twixt earth and heaven were once more rent in
twain,
And better far than vision of the Grail,
They saw the fruits of the Messiah's reign.

COMPANIONSHIP OF NATURE.

Lying among the daisies,
Under the fair blue skies,
I find in the life about me
A minute paradise.
I know not the tender grasses
By the names they have in books,
But I find them sweet companions
When away in shady nooks
I hide from the world about me,
And the wrangle of earthly seers,
To dwell on the countless lessons
Which lie in their tender spears.
Each leaf a microcosm
Singing of God's dear love,
Each flower a tiny picture
Of the stars that burn above,
Each blade in its graceful curving
One of God's wondrous tomes,
And in the green about me
A multitude of homes !

BY THE GRATE.

While watching the fire's ruddy glow,
How strange are the fancies that ebb and flow
Through the channels of the brain !
As sweet and dear to the heart are they
As the whispers soft of a summer day,
Or thoughts that come with the rain.

To some there are murmurs from distant lands,
And over the desert flit shadowy bands
Of Bedouins, while in the west
The great sun moves down the arch on high,
And sinks with his train thro' the golden sky
Away to his evening's rest.

Or else in a vision of tossing seas,
Which rise and fall with the freshening breeze,
Quaint craft sail over the main,
And roll and pitch in silver straits
Which flow between fairy-land's rich estates,
And are lost in the floods again.

But thoughts not easily understood
Come close to me in the blazing wood,
And dreams never dreamt before—
Somewhat of the future, somewhat of the past ;

Glancings of pleasure that could not last,
And of days that are yet in store.

A melody thrills through the smiling grate,
Unloosed from the chains of remorseless fate
I build my castles of air ;
And music covers the walls with green,
And drapes o'er the towers a flowery screen
Where before it was cold and bare.

For the moment, at least, the dark clouds fly,
Disclosing a future with swelling sky
Unstained in its arching vail.
Such are the things that I seem to see,
And such are the whispers that come to me
From within the fiery pale.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Furze-clad sceptre of the God
Who, when summer dies, imprints
On the leaves a thousand tints ;
Cease thy task of heralding
Through the fields thy coming King.
Come and hear us, while we sing
Thy just praise, sweet Golden-Rod.

When the August flow'rets nod
Wearily upon their stalks,
And along the garden walks
Crimson petals droop and fail ;
Then each merry field and dale
Dons the bright bespangled mail
Of thy blossoms, Golden-Rod.

See ! Each humble sun-warmed sod,
O'er which autumn's grasses wave,
Finds new life within its grave,
And, with all its forces blent,
In a saffron-tinted tent
Builds a lasting monument
To thy glory, Golden Rod !

MY GRANDFATHER.

Straight, tall, and true,
Of royal mould,
With silvery locks and forehead bold,
With eyes of fairest blue ;
A man of more than princely birth,
Of Puritanic strength and worth,
One of the chosen few
Who wield love's sceptre in this earth.

A SONNET.

'T is when the wealth of summer life
Merges into cool autumnal days,
And golden harvests o'er the land
Bespeak the great Creator's praise,
That, noting how insensate things,
By ever striving more and more
To reach a full maturity,
Obey kind nature's guiding law ;
Remorse will hurl a poignant dart
To rankle in each human heart
Which knows that it has had no part
In rearing on earth's humble sod,
Where Christ's own willing feet have trod,
A finished temple to its God.

POLYCARP.

How sweet the words
The hero spake
Who died in Smyrna years ago,
When standing on
The nearer shore
Of that great river men call death,
Whose waves are bridged
With golden bars,
Studded throughout with rarest gems
Passing the brilliance of the stars.

Like crested rock
He rose above
The maddening crowd that, like the sea,
Rose in a tumult
Far around,
And loudly bade him bow the knee,
At their dictation, yield his God ;
Renounce the Christ,
His lifelong friend ;
And to their lower natures bend.

Perchance the swelling
Crowd was stilled
Before he made reply, for on
His snowy locks

God's loving smile
Rested, I know, and his grand features shone
With something of that higher life
Which sometimes touches earth with light,
As fair auroras sweep across
The purple bosom of the night.

“ Eighty and six
Years have I served
My God, and nought to me but good
Has come for fully
Trusting him.
Ah, if ye only understood
What sweet repose he gives his saints,
What blessings on
My head have poured
Since I accepted him, ye would
Not ask me curse my King, my Lord !”

Thus spake he !
Then, triumphant o'er
The baser cravings of the mortal part,
Laid down his life
To take it up
On fairer shores, where long his heart
In Christ's dear love had found repose
There now of those
About the throne,
Drest in the raiment of the Lamb,
None sing God's grace in sweeter tone.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

“ Flowerets, flowerets !
Cowslips and violets,
Swamp pinks and blue-eyed grass,
Bishop’s cap, arbutus ! ”
Hear to the tiny lass,
As she addresses us :
“ Flowerets, flowerets !
Who ’ll buy my flowerets ? ”

“ Flowerets, flowerets ! ”
They will prove amulets
To him whose kindly love
Offers the silver piece ;
Gifts showered from above
Shall to his soul increase.
“ Flowerets, flowerets,
Who ’ll buy my flowerets ? ”

SUNLIGHT THROUGH CLOUDLAND.

Shining thro' clouds,
Oh, thou sweet type of all-redeeming love ;
Half buried in the rosy mists above,
Thou sendest many welcome rays,
Through the far-reaching depths of haze,
Into this world of men !
Shining thro' clouds,
The beams of light divine,
From the dear Father's throne,
Into our bosoms shine,
And make us all their own.

LIFE.

Life, says the poet, is but a fickle flame
That earthly breezes hustle to and fro ;
Now burning brightly in Dame Fortune's glance,
And then expiring, as some subtle chance
Sweeps out the memory of shame and fame,
Puffs out its light and snuffs its kindly glow.

What, then, shall follow when the flame is spent ?
Some say there shall be gloom on every side ;
But others, mindful that it is by night
That men alone rely on candle-light,
Look for a dawn toward the Orient,
Where sunrise glories glisten far and wide.

CONSECRATION.

I held a harp with golden strands
Close to my heaving breast ;
The wires thrilled with an untold love,
And would not be at rest.

I said : Whose name
Shall I raise to fame
Of all who have lived and died ?
The flowers about me slightly stirred,
And the leaves above me sighed.

I heard the zephyrs thro' the pines
Echo the chant from shore,
Where ocean waters roll and toss
And seething breakers roar ;
While unseen hands
Swept the golden strands,
Which quickly swelled to the nod
Of crested woods that in rhythm sing
The praise of an unseen god.

Then bathed in wondrous music
Clearly his love I sang,
While the mighty deep throbbed sweetly
And woods and forests rang ;
While back again
Came the sweet refrain
Of planets and golden stars,

Which ever sound the Almighty's praise
Thro' all their heavenly bars.

Methought the curtain of cloudland
Was suddenly rolled away,
And from the portals of heaven
Shot a resplendent ray
Of wondrous love,
While the spheres above
Shook in the winds of pearly light,
Which passing the confines of the star
Illumed the world with their streamers bright.

A chord of heavenly music
Thrilled thro' the realms of space,
Filling my heart with the sunshine
Of Christ's redeeming grace ;
Only a note
From a seraph's throat,
But it melted my very soul ;
And I sank unconscious to the earth,
As I heard its echoes roll
Away o'er the ocean at my feet,
Till it passed away in music sweet.

And now whene'er I touch the strands
Of my jewelled harp with its golden bands,
As I lie upon an emerald sod,
I sing of the wondrous living God.

A SUGGESTION.

If thou wouldst have the great creative source
Of life and knowledge breathe into thy soul
A love for poesy's flowers, thread the course
Of some clear brooklet over pebbled shoal
And sculptured limestones, to the silver bowl,
Bowered full deep in some fern-tangled ring,
Where bubble up the waters of its spring.

There, stretched at length amid the fragrant brake,
Forget thyself ! And in the rifting light
That filters through the tree-tops, thou shalt wake
Into a newer life. No other rite
Has God demanded ! He that loses sight
Of his own being, by the sacrifice
Unlocks the door of poesy's paradise.

CHRIST AND PETER.

Soft zephyrs touched with gentle breath
The waters of Genesareth,
Rippling the calm blue surface o'er
With waves which broke in mimic roar
Upon the sandy beach.
While glinting all within their reach
With colors warm and bright,
The sunbeams spread their grateful light.

Two figures, differing each from each,
Are standing on the level beach :
The one a miracle of grace,
With sweet eyes lighting up his face,—
Eyes which o'erflow with love
To all on earth, to God above ;
He who so lately lay in death,—
'T is Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

A fisher's coat is closely bound
The other's sturdy form around,
While neath the tangled mass of hair
Upon his brow shows brightly fair,
Features both bold and strong,
To guide the weak and conquer wrong ;
To suffer death, if need shall be,
Upon the consecrated tree.

“Feed thou my lambs.” Simon bends low,
As sweet the gentle accents flow,
And while the wavelets lave the beach,
Striving some nearer goal to reach,
With low and modest trill,
Yet sure with harmony to fill
The soul,—Beginning with this silver strand
A world’s crusade is swiftly planned.

TO A FLOWER.

Tender little floweret,
With thy petals pink and white,
Opening in the morning
At the first faint gleam of light.

Making the fresh air sweeter
For thy delicate perfume ;
Hiding thy tinted leaflets
’Mid the grasses’ spear and plume.

Loving the tender missive
That is wafted from thy glen,
Which only poets interpret
To the seething world of men ;

Only the poet interprets,
As he kneels upon the sod
And finds in dew-kissed couplets
The work of a living God.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Although the skies are bright and fair,
O dear one, watch and pray.
Pleasure is e'er entwined with care,
And shadows with the day.
Men ever seek to deify
The world that yet will crucify.

When close around the storms of earth,
O dear one, watch and pray.
The promises of priceless worth
Should guide you on your way,
And angels 'mid the pathless wold
Lead ever to the Shepherd's fold.

Though pleasures smile, or dangers frown,
O dear one, watch and pray,
With joy anticipate thy crown
And willingly obey
The promptings that with gentle art
Would skyward draw thy yielding heart.

FROM MY WINDOW.

Hurrying on through the stately square,
Flushed with pleasures and bent with care,
During the morning a busy throng
Passes in murmuring tides along.

Shedding a blessing upon each face,
Softening each with a nameless grace,
Fairly the rays of the golden sun
Carry a message to every one.

There are those whose lives are marred with grief,
Souls that would willingly seek relief
From earthly woes in a kinder sphere,
Which for the moment seems drawing near.

Others there are who are straight and strong,
And merry in heart as days are long ;
O'er all, the sun-heralds softly play,
Kissing each cheek, while they seem to say :

“Ye are all as much in God's dear sight
As in the beams of his glancing light,
For every ray from the land above
Is tinged throughout with his wond'rous love.”

*THE SLEEPERS IN THE OLD COPP'S HILL
BURYING-GROUND.*

Softly they rest,
Buried in sleep,
Here by the shore of the murmuring deep.
Carolling their praise
In melodious lays,
Birds in the boughs above
Sing with full-throated love.

Holy the sod
Over each breast,
Lying so peaceful upon the hill's crest.
Peeping to see the sight,
Beautiful rays of light
Glance thro' the leafy shade
Which the tree-tops have made.

This shattered stone
Speaks of the war
When Burgoyne's batteries raked Charlestown's
shore.
There by the iron fence
On yonder eminence,
Standing erect and still,
Clinton watched Bunker Hill.

God grant that peace
Here shall abide
As the fast-fleeting years roll on their tide.
Hallowed each hoary mound,
'T is consecrated ground,
And it shall ever be
Clothed in sweet sanctity.

MISSIONARY SONNET.

Go ye and teach all nations in the name
Of Father, Son, and Spirit. Sweet behest
Of God's dear Christ, who for our sake became
Incarnate in the flesh. Borne east and west
By hosts seraphic and by tongues of flame,
The tidings glad—of God made manifest—
Rang out an echo to the glad acclaim
That pealed from every battlemented crest
Of Zion's purpled heights. The Master's voice,
Thrilling with music every tuned chord
Of nature's heart, and man's, has thrown the doors
Of his salvation open. O rejoice !
Ye far-off nations, for a risen Lord
Shall yet be preached upon your distant shores !

LONGFELLOW.

DIED MARCH 24, 1882.

“ Like unto ships far out at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we.”

Just ere the evening shadows fell,
Close to the purple horizon's band,
Riding this earthly ocean's swell,
A vessel was seen far off from land.

Bound to a distant port, we said,
Watching the sun kiss its snowy sails ;
And all the clouds were silver and red
Far in the west where the vision fails.

Then full softly it passed from sight
Away o'er the offing's distant bar,
Leaving a wake of pearly light—
Bright as the train of an errant star.

Rivers of gold in the western sky,
Reflexes of an eternal dawn,
Linger a space before the eye,
And suddenly with a flash are gone.

Night with its shadows o'er the world
Sweeps fearfully on its sombre wings ;
Heaven's banners are all unfurled,
And the entrance gate on its hinges swings.

While crystal waters far and wide
Beckon the beautiful white-stoled guest,
Girding it round with a dancing tide
As it floats at peace on their throbbing breast.

DESPAIR.

With sails of foulest rags, unclean, besprent
With noisome filth—the ship of dread Despair
Hails Life's dear bark, in those deep channels
where
The tides of youth and manhood become blent
In one wide stream : loud-voiced and impudent,
Its master hails us, bidding us beware
Of gathering storm-clouds and of deep-laid snare,
And something in his tone brings discontent.
Voyagers ! when gold-rimmed shores of childhood
fade
Before your vision, and your anxious eyes
Note broader streams, flee from this renegade,
Else by his wiles he claim you as his prey ;
With canvas neatly bent and hand on blade,
Search out the sea that sunlight glorifies.

LAST WORDS OF COLUMBUS.

The evening shadows softly flying
Whisper in tears
A seer is dying.
The sun yet lingers in the west,
Flooding the pillows lightly prest
With an ætherial light ;
Day loiters on the porch of night.

The shades of eve in measure slow
Close round the world ;
He whispers low,
While quick the last few moments flee :
“ *In manus tuas, Domine
Commendo meum spiritum.*”
The long, hard days have reached their sum, and
soft, he sleeps.

The last faint blush of light has fled,
The stars proclaim
A seer is dead ;
While thro' the clouds a sundered soul,
In realms of light now truly whole,
Has passed with the last twilight ray
To where no darkness blurs the day.

THE TWO SONGS OF A MAIDEN.

Close by the shade of a deep, dark wood
There lived a maiden sweet and fair,
Her eyes were lit with a tender blue,
And the beams of the sun were in her hair ;
While all through the merry, happy day
She sat 'neath the limbs of a chestnut tall,
And sang till the leaflets trembled above,
And the blackbird whistled back her call.

*“ Ah ! the sky is bright and the green fields gay,
All things living are happy to-day ;
Never, methinks, was the world so bright
In the sparkling sheen of the glad sunlight.”*

There came a gallant from over the hills,
He wore in his cap a nodding plume,
And fair he seemed as he rode from the aisles
Of the shady wood with their depth of gloom ;
And the maiden's heart was filled with joy,
When at length by the river's golden sand
He knelt in beauty upon the bank
And sought for the gift of her tiny hand.

And she placed her white arms 'round his neck,
And looked her love in his handsome face,

Singing with glee a yet sweeter song,
As he held her clasped in a long embrace.

*“ Never before has the morning air
The dear world drest in a gown so fair ;
Never, methinks, was the world so bright
In the sparkling sheen of the glad sunlight.
Ah ! the skies are bright and the green fields gay,
But none are so happy as I to-day.”*

STORM IN THE NIGHT.

Down thundering from the eternal arch,
Like mounted troopers on the march,
Comes the exultant rain ;
Anon the red-forked lightning plays,
Cutting the æther with its rays,—
Then all is night again.

A moment's stillness, then a rolling crash,
As when snow-covered icebergs dash
Their tops together on the deep,
Or when some feudal castle bold
Tumbles its towers gray and old
Into the donjon keep.

Then clattering, spattering,
Every roof battering,
Newly formed regiments
Drawn from the elements,
Charging in columns deep,
Through the close æther sweep ;
Flooding the patient earth,
Crushing the flower frail,
Rattling against the blinds,
Squadrons of icy hail.

Peal upon peal !
One can almost feel
That the elms outside are bowing low ;
Then a hush like death,
While with bated breath
The world seems to wait for a coming blow.

The shadows are growing yet more dark,
And with the increasing stillness—hark !
The cattle are lowing in the shed ;
The tempest is raging overhead,
And ah ! What a blinding flash !
It seemed to pierce to the very heart,
And rankle there with a burning pain
As if it had been some steely dart.

The storm has returned once more,
And amid the clouds with a ceaseless roar
The triumphant thunder rolls,
Waking an echo in our souls.
Surely this is the voice of God,
And the coursing fire is the rod
He holds in his mighty hand !
This is a time for prayer,
For the very air
And the sea and the land
Seem for the moment to know their King,
And we almost hear
Each hidden sphere

Joining in its majestic swing
To utter the great Creator's praise.

* * * *

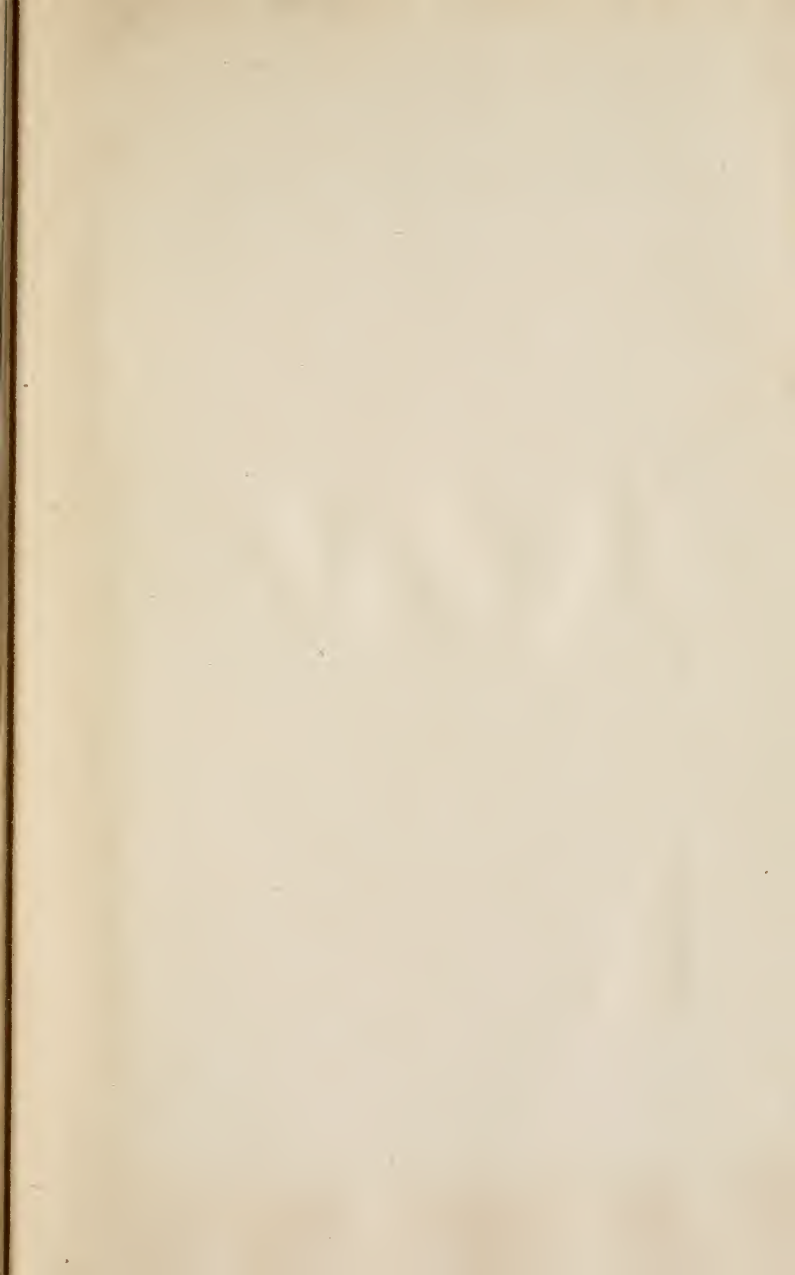
With the thought the storm-clouds fly,
And again the lanterns across the sky
Light up its purple ways.

* * * *

Whispering yet its muttered wrath, the storm
Threatens the earth, as breakers when they form
And 'gainst her barriers dash ;
While lighting the horizon's distant line,
Along the far-off woods of mountain pine,
The tempest's fires flash.

THE END.





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